

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME IV.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1913

NUMBER 5



Washed up at Silver Ledge.

BY MABEL S. MERRILL.



Readers of Miss Merrill's stories, which have already been published in The Beacon, "The Light in the Oak Tree," "By Way of the Snow Bridge," and others, will rejoice that another continued story appears from her pen. She knows just how to write for children, and the happy, outdoor experiences of Harle and Amy will appeal to all boys and girls.

In Six Chapters. Chapter I.

"IT seems to me I can't stay in the house another minute!" sighed Amy, looking over at her brother who sat at the other side of the room with their four-year-old sister, Star, bolt upright in her little rocking-chair at his feet. "Do say something, Harle Newton, and not sit there looking like a thunder-cloud."

Harle shut his book with a snap.

"Wish I was a thunder-cloud," he growled. "Wouldn't I just pipe up and blow this slow old town off the map! I knew the minute I set eyes on it that it was a place where nothing ever happened."

"Aunt Abby did say we might go down to the pier and sit in the boat," began Amy; "that is, if we would promise not to untie the rope. It's a wonder she didn't make us agree to put on life-preservers first."

Sitting in a boat was better than sitting in a room with nothing to do; so, while Harle went to explain to Aunt Abby about their going, Amy tied on Star's hat and got the big shawl which they used to make a tent with when they went down on the shore.

Bleak Harbor village was certainly a dull little town, in spite of the great sparkling sea that lay in front of it. The three Newton children had been sent to spend the summer with Aunt Abby and Uncle Newton while their father was in England, and they had already begun to believe that it would be the dulllest summer they had ever spent.

They had received every kindness from their aunt and uncle; but the two elderly people, who had never had any children of their own, did not seem to understand how much young creatures needed light and air and something to do. At least Aunt Abby did not. She had been so careful of them that she had kept them in the parlor like so many china dolls.

The boat, a stout dory, was moored at the end of the wooden pier out on a little point of land.

"Come, now, I feel better," announced Harle, as he followed Amy into the boat and stowed Star away in the bow on the old shawl. "Let's stay right here till dinner-time."

The ocean looked very big and blue and

very lonely, for there was not much shipping now at this little out-of-the-way place. They could see only one schooner going out, and all the village boats were tied up at the larger wharf.

"Look at that!—something's rubbed against the painter and worn it 'most through," said Harle, pointing to the frayed rope that fastened the boat to the pier. "Wouldn't Aunt Abby be scared if she saw that? But I guess it will hold with no more wind than this. Hi, Star, you're going to sleep. Well, go ahead. A dory is good as a cradle, isn't it? And, look here, I know there's room for me on that shawl."

It was easy to go to sleep, curled up in the bottom of the rocking boat: so it soon happened that three pairs of eyes were fast shut and did not see the black cloud that came billowing up into the blue sky.

The squall struck with a force that swung the boat about and snapped the worn rope like a thread. There was no pelting of rain to wake the sleepers as they drifted away from the shore. Winds and waves seized on the little boat and bore it steadily onward, while the black cloud passed and the sun came out over the wide waters.

It was a long time before a larger wave than usual broke over the bow in such a shower of drops that it aroused Harle, who sat up with a loud exclamation that woke Amy and Star. They were beating about on a chopping sea, and, if there was land in the distance, it was so well hidden by the trailing fog rack that they were none the wiser.

"O Harle!" gasped Amy, rubbing the water out of her eyes, "you said nothing ever happened at Bleak Harbor."

"Hold on to Star and don't talk rubbish!" retorted Harle, quickly. "Don't you see we haven't any oars, and it's so thick I've no idea which way the land is. No, don't get up on the seat—you might pitch overboard. Don't cry, Star: the water won't hurt your pink dress."

Star rubbed her eyes rather crossly and said she wasn't crying, and then she held fast to her sister and was still as a mouse while the dory lurched up and down over the tops of the waves.

"I do believe it's blowing us out to sea," muttered Harle, at last. "Is that anything over there to the right, Amy? The spray flies so I can't half see, but it looks as if it might be one of the islands."

"It's a great big cliff going straight up in the air," Amy announced, when she had taken a look from the top of a great wave. "See, it's just solid white-looking rock. But we're not going towards it, Harle: we're bobbing off past it, kind of slantways."

"Seems to me it must be Hedgehog Island," mused Harle, "that's the nearest to Bleak Harbor. Look here, Amy, we must land if we can. Let's hold up the old shawl between us for a sail and see if it won't help to drift us over that way."

They took the shawl by the ends and let the wind fill it. It was hard to hold it in the gale, but they gripped it fast as they saw that the odd sail was helping them a little nearer to the cliff.

"It looks a pretty bad place to land," Harle said anxiously, as they felt the rollers begin to pull the boat towards the shore. "I shouldn't wonder if it staves a hole in the dory; but you girls sit tight, and I'll be ready to jump and haul you ashore."

They banged against a rock next minute, and then the boy saw, right ahead, a little strip of sandy shore between two boulders.

With the end of the shortened rope in his hand he jumped for it, and then, with a glad shout, pulled the dory high and dry on the tiny beach.

"All right, girls, come up here out of the spray. Now maybe we can see where we are."

The last of the fog clouds were trailing low on the water, and the ocean was blossoming like a great blue flower out of the mist.

"I can't be sure whether there's land off there or not," Harle said, staring with all his might in the direction where he thought home ought to be. "If there is, it looks an awful ways off. I didn't know Hedgehog Island was so far out."

"Are there any houses on it?" asked Amy, looking at Star's wet dress.

"Houses? No, nothing but crows and quill-pigs. Come on, we might as well sit down and dry ourselves comfortably. It may be a fortnight before a boat comes this way."

"A fortnight!" whispered Amy, with frightened eyes. "O Harle, what in the world shall we have to eat?"

"Have to eat!" repeated Harle; "why, fish and clams, of course. Nobody has to go hungry by the sea in summer unless they're too lazy to work. And it's the last of June, so the sun will keep us warm."

They sat down in the dry sand above the water line and spread themselves out to dry, as Star said, for they were wet with flying spray. They had landed, not straight in front of the great ledge, but a little to one side of it. Behind them rose a rough, rocky wall which could be easily climbed, for the blocks of stone were tumbled one upon another like rude stairs.

"We can't explore to-night—see, it's getting towards sundown," Harle said. "We might lose ourselves in the woods. Hedgehog Island is as rough as its name. Besides, a boat might go along by near enough for us to holler at it."

Their clothes were soon dry in the warm sun, and Amy had got the locker of the dory open and was poking about to see what she could find there.

"Here's the bag of salt crackers we had left from our luncheon the day Uncle took us out fishing. And didn't I see you putting some bananas in your pocket, Harle, just as we started?"

"Yes, and for a wonder they didn't jump overboard while the dory was trying to stand on her head out there. Here's three of 'em, and they and the crackers will have to do for supper. I've got four matches in a tin box, but we mustn't build any fire to-night. Matches are worth a gold mine apiece when you are washed up on a desert island."

They ate their luncheon, and then they dragged the dory out of reach of the waves and weighted the rope with heavy stones.

They found a clump of long dry grass back of a rock, and they pulled a mass of it to put in the bottom of the boat. Then, with the big shawl to cover them, they curled up and went fast asleep as the darkness fell.

If they had kept awake a little longer, they might have seen a great bright light come out on a rocky hill behind them and shine there like a star that had come down to watch the sleep of three small castaways.

(To be continued.)

Nutting.

COME, Robert and Harry, come, Lily and May,

For Autumn is here, and our glad holiday.
With every breath of the keen, frosty breeze,
Brown chestnuts are dropping from all
the high trees.

Come here with your bags and your big
baskets, quick,

And Harry's new jack-knife shall cut a
long stick;

Then Robert shall climb the old chestnut tree
tall,

And thrash the big boughs till the ripe
chestnuts fall.

So shiny and smooth, and so plump and so
brown,

The handsomest chestnuts that ever fell
down,

Though stately and proud the old nut tree
has stood

A hundred long years—the king of the
wood.

You dear little squirrel, you look very wise,
With long bushy tail and bright, shiny black
eyes.

Pray, sir, do you fancy you own the big tree?
It's quite a mistake, sir, between you and
me.

We don't mean to rob you, dear, not in the
least,

But we, too, like chestnuts, and long for
a feast;

We know you must gather your snug winter
store,

But after we go you will find plenty more.

Normal Instructor.



A NUTTING PARTY.

A Battle not without a Victory.

BY EDGAR L. VINCENT.

"WE'LL take a few matches along this morning. Maybe the old brush heaps on the slashing will be dry enough to burn along in the middle of the day."

"I'll get 'em, Uncle Phil. I know just where they keep 'em." Joe had already started, but Uncle Phil called him back.

"I would rather do that myself, my boy. Tell you why. A good while ago we made a rule at our house that we would all be very careful about matches, and one of the by-laws of that regulation is that the young folks shall leave all that goes with matches to the grown-up people. Of course you didn't know that; but, if you were to be privileged that way, the rest, Sam and Bess and all, might think they ought to be favored the same way, and trouble might come from it. So I'll just get the matches and carry them myself."

It was all said so kindly that Joe could not possibly take offence at the restriction his uncle was laying upon him. This was only

the second week of his stay out at the farm, and he had many things to learn. So he gave it up without a word of questioning.

"All right, Uncle Phil. You know best. We'll have a lot of fun, anyway."

"If the brush heaps burn, Joe."

The piles of brush, cut from the tops of the trees when the slashing was cleared up, burned beautifully that day. When the sun had wheeled well up into the summer sky, all the dampness had been dried out of the dead limbs; and what a blaze each one made as it snapped and sent the great clouds of smoke skyward, shot through with flaming beams of red fire!

"It's finer than any Fourth-of-July fun I ever saw!" Joe declared, thinking back to the tame little affairs he had had in days gone by, back in his city home. It was hot, of course. You never can burn so many heaps of brush and not have the very air everywhere as "hot as an oven," as Uncle Phil said, and the sweat ran down the faces of all the young people as they ran from place to place, guarding the fires so that they would not creep out into the woods on either side.

"Good thing we had a rain last week,"

Uncle Phil explained. "The leaves are all soaked with water down in the woods. That is one reason why I thought of burning the slashing to-day. We never mean to have the fire get away from our control. That is what makes so much trouble. I have had to fight fire for days before now, when the grass and everything was dry. It isn't any fun, either. Destroys so much nice timber."

Joe did not think so much about that part of Uncle Phil's remark just then. Days went by before he thought of it again. Just now he was interested in watching his uncle tuck the half-burned branches up into the middle of the red-hot gray space, where the larger heap had been a little while ago, and helping what he could with a long pole cut from the woods near by. The faces of all were hot and crimson red when at last it was all over, and they went down through the pasture to dinner. It had been a great day for Joe. How he would enjoy telling the boys back home about it when his vacation was over!

It was two or three weeks after that when Joe and his cousins went up through the pasture again. This time Uncle Phil was away downtown on business.

"Keep the young folks in mind, Mother," he called back from the wagon just at the last moment, as he took up the reins to start away. "They won't mean to do anything they ought not, I know, and yet you never can tell!"

"Why is it you never can tell, Aunt May?"

Joe had a big handful of cherries right from the tree. So deliciously good! No wonder they called for a great deal of attention, and yet not so much that he had not heard all that Uncle Phil had said at the moment of parting.

"Well, Joey boy, Uncle Phil and I have had half a dozen boys and girls of our own, and we have found out that they think queer things sometimes, and think them when you least expect it."

Another of the things Joe remembered not so very long afterward.

It was fine going up through the fields that bright summer day,—so still everywhere; sunshine falling over everything; the cows and sheep lying peacefully under the maples up on the side hills. They did not hurry on the way. Why should they? There was no particular errand before them; only the kind suggestion of Aunt May that, if they saw any nice berries, to bring them home for a pie.

How did it happen that there should be that pile of brush left on the edge of the clearing when the slashing was burned that day? A whole big heap, and surely Uncle Phil had not meant to miss it. Probably it was because there were so many others, and he had not happened to look that way.

But Joe's sharp eyes did not miss the brush pile. Was it not great that it should have been overlooked! Here was a chance to finish up the burning of the slashing and at the same time have a whole pile of fun!

But the matches? Aunt May would know the rule of the home, and it would be of no use to appeal to her for matches. Joe stood there a moment and looked back down the hill.

Over yonder at the left nestled the farmhouse of one of the neighbors. Joe had been down there with his cousins several times and liked the sweet-faced woman who had been so kind to them. Surely she must have plenty of matches, and she knew nothing of



Photo by Clara E. Sipprell.

*The spirit which mild autumn makes her own:
Which comes like distant peal or muffled psalm,
When hearts are still and leaves are floating down;
Its name? Its name is Calm.*

ARTHUR T. MUNBY.

Uncle Phil's rule. Wasn't it pretty strict, anyhow? At his own home he never had been held back by any such restriction. Seemed most as if Uncle Phil might let a fellow have fun with matches, as well as with other things about the farm.

Joe looked into the faces of his cousins.

"You wait here, and I'll get some matches!" Joe did it, too. Mrs. Long did not know about her neighbor's rule; how could she? It was only when she saw that black cloud of smoke tumbling skyward that she ceased wondering how it should be that Joe should have been sent to borrow matches.

It was great sport for a time. Joe and the rest watched the fire just as they had seen older folks do, and they were sure they would not have a bit of trouble; and they would not, had it not been for the fact that, since Uncle Phil had burned his slashing, the weather had been very hot and dry. Now the grass and leaves everywhere were as dry as tinder. No longer did the moisture of the rain raise a barrier against the flames; and Joe's heart fairly stood still when he saw a long circle of fire sweeping out toward the woods.

"Come on, Sam, and all of you! We've got to head that fire off, or it'll get into the leaves in the woods!"

Joe leaped that way, his long pole in hand, followed by all the rest. The faces of every one were too hot to show the fear that was

at that moment in their hearts. They realized now, as never before, what a serious thing a little match can be in the wrong hands.

The next hour or two will be remembered by those boys and girls as long as they live. How they did battle against the flames which, in spite of all they could do, would steadily creep on and on toward the woods, licking up every bit of grass that lay in their way. They pounded and pounded the earth with their poles, and, for a moment or two, the blaze would seem to die out. It was only to reappear in another place the next moment, however, the earth was so warm all about and the grass so dry!

The sweat fairly ran down the cheeks of the fire-fighters now. It was not all due to the work they were doing, either. All the time their hearts were down there with Father and Mother.

"What will they say? What will they say?" Sam kept saying over to himself. Joe caught the words once, and he gave the best, the only, answer he could.

"You'll have to lay it to me, Sam! It's just awful, I know it; but they won't blame you!"

"We let you do it, though!"

Just when the worst seemed to be before them, a strong hand came to the rescue. Uncle Phil, coming back from the city, had caught sight of the smoke up on the slashing. How could it be that the boys and girls—his

boys and girls—should have done a thing like that? A sense of pain and sorrow went over him. It is so hard when a father or mother learns such a thing about the dear ones!

"It must have been Joe!" he thought. "Poor Joe! He will feel so sorry; but that won't stop the fire!"

Faster than ever Uncle Phil drove after that. Leaving Old Kit to stand on the barn floor, still hitched to the wagon, he hurried up the hillside and helped to bring the fire under subjection.

Then there they all sat on the ground, the tired, worried, panting fighters in the battle, which had for them so little of victory. And there, too, sat Joe's good uncle and the father of the others! What could he think of the boy who was most to blame for this struggle? And what could Joe ever do or say to set himself right with the one who had been so kind to him? He wished he were back home. Yes, would it not have been better if he never had come out into the country?

Uncle Phil wiped the big drops of perspiration from his face, and then waited a long time, watching for any sign of fire that might still linger in the dry grass. Then he turned and looked keenly into the faces of the young folks, one after the other.

"It was me, Uncle Phil," Joe broke out, coming up close to the side of his uncle. "They wouldn't have done it!"

"I know they wouldn't." How the hearts of Sam and all the rest bounded at this mark of their father's confidence! Could they ever be untrue to a love like that? They crowded about him, their arms about his neck; but his arm was round the shoulders of Joe! "And, Joe, I'm sure you never will do a thing like this again!"

Dear, good old Uncle Phil! God bless him! Joe just knew he always would be true to the right after that! It was easy to think it now; but the best of it is that Joe did his best to make that promise of his heart true, for in that defeat there had been a great victory for him!

Marshmallow Dainties.

BY NELLIE M. LEONARD.

THE raindrops were having a merry time. They chased each other down the window-panes; they drummed upon people's umbrellas; they danced along the gutters, and drenched the poor little sparrows.

Beth stood by the window, looking very sober, for she loved to play out of doors.

"Oh, dear," she sighed, "it rains almost every Saturday! What can I do to-day, Aunt Helen?"

"Wouldn't you like to help me cook?" asked her aunt. "It is great fun."

Beth clapped her hands. "That will be lovely! Mamma always says she can't bother, and I must sit and hold Baby Brother if I wish to help her. Of course, she makes me nice gingerbread dogs or doughnut men, 'specially if Baby Brother is cross and it is hard work to amuse him. May I really cook something all my own self?"

"Yes," smiled Aunt Helen, "something very dainty and nice. It is Uncle Fred's birthday, and you may make it for his supper. We will have a celebration."

So Beth tied a big gingham apron under her chin, and followed Aunt Helen to the kitchen. Her aunt gave her two bright tin pans, a package of round butter-thin crackers, a bag of marshmallows, and some walnuts.

Beth worked busily cracking the walnuts carefully, so that each half would not be broken.

"I think we have hardly enough nuts, so you may take the stones from a few dates," planned Aunt Helen.

"Now you must cover the bottoms of the tins with these little crackers," she explained, "then put a marshmallow on top of each one. I will light the gas stove, and, when the oven is hot, we will set the pans in and watch the marshmallows toast."

It was fun to watch them puff up until they were ever so plump. When they were

a pretty golden brown, Aunt Helen said they were done.

Then Beth took the pans from the oven, put the crackers upon plates, and pushed either a walnut or date into the centre of each puffy marshmallow.

"Oh, aren't they just lovely, Aunt Helen!" cried Beth. "I've made Uncle Fred a birthday present all my own self. And, when I go home, I can make some for mamma."

"Taste one and see if it isn't delicious," said Aunt Helen, helping herself to a plump brown beauty. "We must put them safely away, or there may not be any left for Uncle Fred by supper time."

Just before sunset the storm was over. A beautiful rainbow hung against the dark clouds in the east. As it faded, the misty rain stopped falling.

"May I go out in the garden and pick some flowers?" asked Beth.

"Put on your rubbers and raincoat," cautioned Aunt Helen, "for everything is dripping wet."

Beth enjoyed flitting among the wet bushes, which splashed her face with raindrops as she pushed them aside. A robin hopped along the wet path, looking for worms. A little brown toad blinked at her from among the lily leaves.

She ran into the house with her hands full of wet blossoms, to help Aunt Helen set the table. Around Uncle Fred's place she laid clusters of pink rosebuds upon the white cloth. The plate of marshmallow dainties was decorated with pansy faces, purple and yellow, tucked all around the edge with their fresh green leaves.

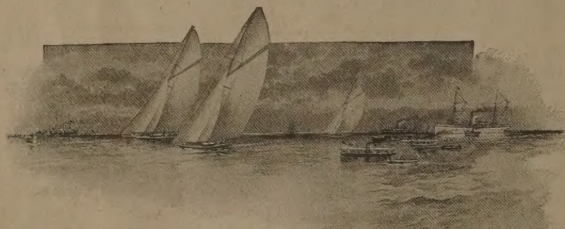
Uncle Fred was as surprised as Beth could wish.

"Pansies—they're for thoughts," he quoted. "I see plainly that a dear little girl I know has been thinking of me to-day. You and Auntie must be a pair of twin fairies."

Beth laughed merrily as he pulled her long curls.

"Hurry, Uncle Fred, and sit down to supper," she insisted, "for this fairy would like some marshmallow dainties to eat."

A Rhyme of Boats.



SING a song of boats and ships,
Canvas spread or furled,
Where the salt sea heaves and dips
Round the watery world!

Brigantine and barkentine,
Schooner, scow, and dory!
Oh, the smell of things marine!
Oh, the sailor's story!

Tidy sloop and fishing-smack,
Punt, and junk, and raft,
Pirate-ships, with flag of black
Flying fore and aft;

Galley sad with straining oars,
Galleons proud with gold,
To and fro betwixt the shores
In the days of old;

Fat canal-boat, slim canoe,
Cutter, tug, and yawl,
Classic trireme, liner, too,—
Bless them one and all!

These and more than all of these,
Canvas spread or furled,
Sailing, sailing all the seas,
Round the watery world!

RUTH SHEPARD PHELPS,
in *St. Nicholas*.

Brothers.

I CAN'T sit moping at his work,
His thoughts are just a crazy crew
Intent on shifty ways to shirk
The thing he needs to do.
His only purpose is to see
How he can shuffle thro' his tasks:
To find excuse by some false plea
Is everything he asks.

I Can, with face set toward the day,
Sees but the goal he hopes to gain,
And all obstructions in his way
He fights with might and main.
I Can is resolute, but still;
He makes no boasts, but forges on
With all his powers at work until
The victory is won.

I Can't hang by a feeble grip,
I Can hold on with forceful hand;
I Can't let all his chances slip,
I Can bend all to his command.
I Can't fling out his envious taunt,
I Can respond with gracious deed;
I Can't slink down the Street of Want,
I Can relieve his need.

ANNIE L. MUZZEY,
in *Youth's Companion*.

Devotional.

LOVE AT HOME.

BY CLARA B. BEATLEY.

READINGS.

'Tis time to light the evening fire,
To read good books,—to sing
The low and lovely songs that breathe
Of the eternal spring.

ALICE CARY.

The lightning and thunder
They go and they come;
But the stars and the stillness
Are always at home.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

Be kindly affectioned one to another in
brotherly love, in honor preferring one an-
other. *Bible.*

PRAYER.

O Thou who art a Giver evermore, we
thank Thee for Thy best of gifts, the love that
makes our homes. Thou art ever caring for
us when we know it not, and winning us to
care for one another. When love is easy,
we thank Thee for Thy boundless gift: when
it is difficult, again we thank Thee, that we
may learn to give like Thee, receiving from
Thy fulness. So may we take gratefully and
give joyfully, and make our homes pure
shrines of peace and love forever and ever!
Amen.

Sunday School News.

FROM Rutherford, N.J., comes the cheer-
ing word that "never before has our
school year opened with so large an at-
tendance." The minister, Rev. Elizabeth
Padgham, writes, "Last Sunday we had more
than have ever attended a Sunday-school
session in the eight years I have been here.
All but one were regularly enrolled scholars,
and no special effort was made to get them
out, so there is no reason to believe it was
only a one-day record. We have enrolled
some new scholars, which helps, of course.

"This summer Rutherford has been en-
joying baseball games played by teams from
every church except the Catholic. To the
amazement of the town, the smallest Sunday
school, the Unitarian, won the loving-cup.
It has been a proud autumn for us. The
Methodist minister preached on 'Losing the
Cup,' the other Sunday, and said that my
boys won because 'they stuck to their job,
and the other teams did not.' Isn't loyalty
one of the finest Unitarian characteristics?

"I have been proud of the boys because
they have sacrificed their pleasure, giving
up or coming back from vacations so as to be
at every game."

In another column is given an account of
the excellent work of the Junior Alliance of the
Church of the Messiah, Montreal, Canada.

The Sunday school of the Third Religious
Society in Dorchester began its year's work
with eleven fully-equipped classes. The
kindergarten class, which meets during the
hour of the church service, is under the direc-
tion of a trained and salaried teacher. The
Sunday-school orchestra adds much to the in-
terest of the opening and closing exercises.
All the officers of the school and two of the
teachers are men.

From the Northside Church in Pittsburgh
comes the report that "the number in at-
tendance during the month of September was
equal to the best we have been able to do
heretofore in mid-term, with enthusiasm
that is certain to result in effective work."



THE PICNIC PARTY.

The Junior Alliance of the Church of the Messiah, Montreal, Canada.

THE Junior Alliance was organized in
January of this year to meet the wishes
of some of the younger girls of the con-
gregation who had expressed a desire for a
society of their own. While its name, work,
and objects link it with the Women's Alli-
ance it is quite independent of that body.
Its purpose is to afford to the young girls
growing up within the church a personal
interest in those things which the church
strives to promote, in charitable and church-
extension work, and in individual acquaint-
ance and friendship among its members.

The regular meetings have been occupied
by the making of infants' garments, the ma-
terial for which is supplied and cut by the
kindness of the Samaritan Society. The

garments, when finished, were sent to families
recommended by the Victorian Order.
About two dozen of these little garments
were completed at the meetings, and several
donations were brought by the members from
home. At Christmas-time toys were bought
for children who were reported to be with-
out any. At the close of the year a book
was bought and presented to the Sunday-
school library from the dues of the mem-
bers. A handsome doll was also sent to the
Junior Alliance of South Natick, Mass., as a
contribution towards their sale, and several
articles were given to the sale in aid of the
Fresh Air Fund on June 7.

The picture which appears on this page
shows some of the members of the Alliance
at a picnic which was held on Mount
Royal on one of the first warm days last
spring.

Books for Little People.

BOYS and girls from six to nine years
of age will love one of the season's
books called *Twilight Town*, for they
make it their very own. The print is large,
so that the children may read it for themselves.
Twilight Town was the play-room. Even
the children did not know what went on there
after the dark came, for it was a secret. A
fairy with a golden wand opened the door, and
then all the toys came out and played.
Teddy Bear was the mischief-maker, and
suffered sometimes for his pranks. Dolly
Gay and Rosabelle have many exciting times.
There are auto rides, battles among the tin
soldiers, a fire, a circus parade,—oh, and
more good times than one can tell, lasting
from Christmas-tree time to the Fourth of
July. Pictures in color and in black-and-
white show all the toys playing together, and
make *Twilight Town* a very real place to little
readers, who will want to join with the toys
in the song with which the charming book
closes.

Then you will want to make the acquaint-
ance of the Tippy-Flippitts, three mis-
chievous red foxes. They sing you a song
about themselves:

Three merry Tippy-Flippitts are we,
Paddy and Pussy and Little Quee-Quee;
We frolic and play in the sunshine bright,
We dance in the rays of the pale moonlight,
And we live 'neath the greenwood tree."

How you will like to see these little rascals,
with jackets pulled well down to their bushy
tails, going to school to Miss Nanny Goat, or
rowing on the lake at their picnic party,
while little Quee-Quee and Bobtail Bunni-
kins-Bunny fall overboard with a great
splash! Their adventures will keep little
eyes wide open, until the child readers have
tucked the three red fox friends snugly into
bed at the close of the last chapter.

Here are more animal friends, in the at-
tractive bed-time story books by Thornton
N. Burgess. *The Adventures of Johnny
Chuck*, and *The Adventures of Teddy Fox*, are
two books which make the life of wild cre-
atures real to young readers or listeners. They
will learn from these stories to take the ani-
mals' point of view about the boy in the woods
with a gun, and learn from the incidents in
the life of Reddy Fox and Johnny Chuck
some things that fit their own lives, such
as Johnny's little rhyme:

"When work there is that must be done,
Don't fret and whine and spoil the day;
The quicker that you do your work
The longer time you'll have to play."

The chapters in these books are short, just
the right length for tired little listeners at
the close of day.

One more bed-time book comes to us from
the same author. It is called *Mother West
Wind's Neighbors*, and is the fourth book of
the Mother West Wind series. Wouldn't
you like to know why Peter Rabbit wears a

white patch, and who stole Jack Squirrel's nuts? All that, and much more, these charmingly written stories will tell you. They will furnish a delightful inducement to go to bed to the child who will hear one of them read at the bed-time hour; but for the little reader who takes up the book just as the evening lamp is lighted, I am afraid they will act quite the other way!

Twilight Town. By Mary Frances Blaisdell. Four full-page color plates, and many other illustrations. Decorated cloth. Price, 60 cents. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

The Tippy-Flippits. By Edith B. Davidson. Little, Brown & Co. 12mo. Boards. 60 cents.

The Adventures of Reddy Fox. The Adventures of Johnny Chuck. By Thornton W. Burgess. Illustrated by Harrison Cady. 16mo. Each, 50 cents. Little, Brown & Co.

Mother West Wind's Neighbors. By Thornton W. Burgess. Illustrated. Decorated cloth. 12mo. \$1. Little, Brown & Co.

THE STORY OF SAINT ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY.

THE writer of the book bearing this title, "William Canton," tells the story of this girl saint with an insight and power of utterance that will charm many hearts. He says truly that to most people the mention of her name does little more than to bring to mind a quaint, mediaeval legend of the bread in her lap being turned to roses when she was about to be reproved for her generous gifts to the poor. The author puts her before us in a few graphic sentences.

"To many readers," he says, "the name of Saint Elizabeth means now no more than this. It does not recall to them the winning four-year-old child taken from her royal home into a strange and distant land; the motherless little maid exposed to the derision of courtiers and the insolence of menials; the girl of nine or ten threatened with repudiation and a dishonored return to her father. They do not think of her married in her fourteenth year, widowed at twenty, despoiled of everything, and driven forth by her kinsfolk in the depth of winter; dead at twenty-four, canonized four years later, and crowned in her shroud by an emperor."

It is this brief outline which is filled in with loving touch and penetrating insight in the book. It portrays a very lovable child, a girl radiant with joy, a young woman capable of a great love and of intense suffering, a devotee whose mystical faith found its fitting expression in deeds of service to the poor and the afflicted. The legends which clustered around the memory of this young saint are told, indeed, but they are given their rightful place as legends. The figure of Elizabeth stands out clearly from them, with all her lovable qualities, her intense piety, her kindness and good sense in evidence. In her wanderings as an outcast she came to a cloister where the monks showed her, with pride, gilded images in their church. "You would have done better," she said, "to lay out the cost on your dress and food rather than on your walls, for these images should be carried in your hearts." On one of the days when Elizabeth had distributed a large amount of food to the poor in her district, a group of homeless people remained huddled in the Guest House enclosure. Elizabeth saw them in the moonlight, and sent out food to them, and caused fires to be lighted to keep them warm. The pitiful folk began to sing out of sheer comfort, and Elizabeth exclaimed, with something of her old childish

gayety, "Many a time I have said that we ought to make people merry."

The book is written in the fascinating style which "A Child's Book of Saints" and "W. V. Her Book" from the pen of the same author have led us to expect. The eight full-page color illustrations by Eleanor Fortescue Brickdale are exquisite works of art. They emphasize, far more than does the text, the legends which gathered about the memory of Elizabeth, these being, naturally, the picturesque elements of her story as it lived in the hearts of the Hungarian folk for centuries after her death. Elizabeth's form of faith, her mysticism, the visions which followed long periods of suffering and starvation, are characteristics of the thirteenth century in which she lived. Through them one sees the lovely, radiant character of the girl, her deeply religious nature, and the spirit strengthened to bear her own sufferings through the memory of the sufferings of Jesus. These qualities cannot fail to touch the heart of any girl who reads this book, deepening and enriching her own religious nature. She will see the simple sweetness of this girl of the Middle Ages, and find those elements of both joy and tragedy which make her story "one of the most poignantly beautiful ever told."

Little Saint Elizabeth of Hungary. William Canton. Eight color illustrations. Price, 1.50. London: Herbert & Daniel. Dana Estes & Co., Boston.

Just Like Horace Greeley.

BY ZELIA MARGARET WALTERS.

WHEN Horace Greeley was living, and his wonderful career was much talked of, he was the ideal and pattern of many an ambitious boy. Horace Greeley started out, an awkward and penniless country lad, and step by step worked himself up until he was a commanding figure in the nation. Why shouldn't other poor country boys do likewise? So boys read every detail they could find about the great man, and resolved to imitate him.

A teacher in a country school looked over a pupil's work one day, and in exasperation exclaimed: "George, why do you write such a miserable hand? I cannot tell whether you have this exercise right or not. Your writing is too bad to puzzle over."

The boy looked at the scrawled paper, and said in an aggrieved tone, "Horace Greeley writes like that."

Now it is true that Horace Greeley was such a wretched writer that the printers who were given his copy had to work it out as if it were a puzzle. But this was a wise teacher, and he said energetically: "George, suppose you imitate Horace Greeley in his industry, his uprightness, and his scholarship, and try to improve upon his writing. If Horace Greeley had a humpback, would you think you had to have one? See that you do not imitate any one's defects, and remember that poor handwriting is a defect."

We all need to heed that warning when we are making patterns of our heroes. A little girl was once reading by firelight, and, when her mother forbade it, telling her she would injure her eyes, she said, "Abraham Lincoln read by firelight."

"My dear," said her mother, "if you want to be like Lincoln, try to have as kind a heart as he had, and be thankful that you have a good lamp to read by instead of the flickering firelight."

Every great man's life should be an inspiration to us. But we should be eager to imitate his excellences and not his defects. If we admire Washington, let us use his high feeling of honor for our example, but we do not need to spell badly because he did.

And in like manner we shall have to look at all of our list of heroes. Let us try to do as well as they did, but let us avoid the things that they did ill.

The Answered Prayer.

"O GOD!" I cried, "give me the strength to do;

To fight and win great battles in honor of thy name;

To walk exalted, keeping thee in view;

To help men, everywhere, to fight and walk the same."

And God (who knoweth best) sent more than answer to that prayer:

I asked for strength to do, but, lo! God gave me strength to bear.

JEAN FLOWER,
in *Sunday School Times*.



When I'm a Man.

AN eager youth with beaming eyes
Looked out upon the world
And cried, "My ship's in harbor yet,
My banners still are furled;
But I will do the thing I can
When I'm a man!

"There are such wrongs to be redressed,
Such rights that need defence,
I'll give my heart to all that's good,
My scorn to all pretense;
I'll work out many a noble plan
When I'm a man!

"I have so much to see and do,
So much that I must say;
When childhood's happy days have gone
With lessons, and with play,
Then I shall try, the best I can,
To be a man!"

MARY A. BARR,
in *Harper's Young People*.

PAGE FOR LITTLE PEOPLE

The Sleepy Stars.

Last night I stayed up very late,
For hours and hours—till almost
eight;

But my eyes kept a-shutting so!
And then I really wished to go
To bed, and so we went upstairs;
And, when I had said all my prayers,
I looked up in the sky, to see
The baby stars look down at me.

And all the stars were winking so
To keep awake—the way I know
I had to wink, myself, last night—
And the tired little moon was white.
I never knew before just how
They felt at night, but I know now.
And so I prayed to God that he
Would put the stars to bed, like me.

MARY CAROLINE DAVIES,
in the Continent.

David's Party.

BY FRANCES HARMER.

"MOTHER dear, isn't it four
o'clock yet?"
Mother looked down at the
eager face and pleading eyes.

"No, David, only a quarter to
four. Now, do try to keep clean.
Like a good boy."

David was going to his first party.
And, when one is eight and ready for
a first party, time moves so slowly.

He sighed, and sat down in the
garden to wait for the passing of those
fifteen minutes. He could see the
lane beyond the garden, and think
how, in fifteen minutes, he would be
in the lane, walking to the right, into
Main Street, and then on to Johnny
Gaites' party.

To the left, as you left the gate, the
lane led to a delightful, vacant lot.
David had often played there with
Johnny.

"Has one minute gone, mother?"
he called out.

"Just one," she answered, from the
kitchen window.

Then something happened. A little
dog dashed by, going down the lane
to the left as hard as he could go, his
poor little tongue hanging out of his
head, and a dreadful noise coming from
a tin can tied to his tail! He was
out of sight in a moment.

David rushed to the gate. He
looked to the right. A band of boys
—boys he knew his father wouldn't
let him speak to—was rushing by on
Main Street.

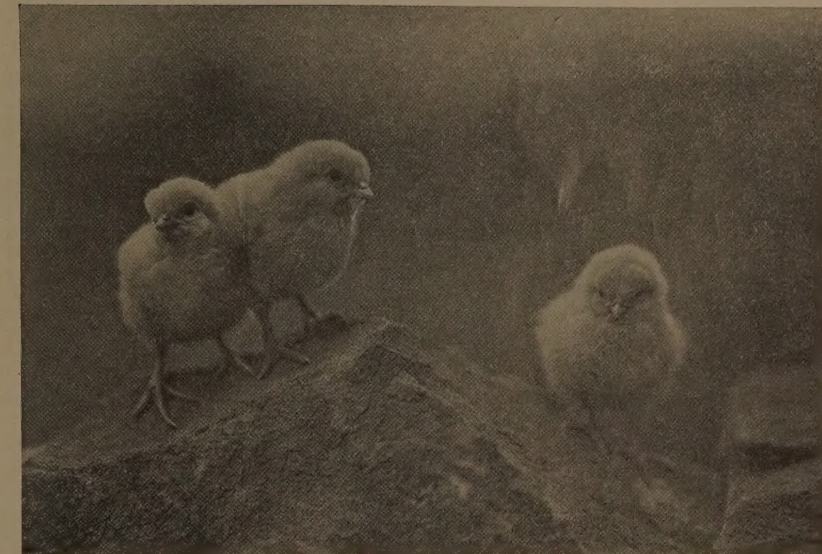


Photo by Fannie T. Cassidy.

TWO'S COMPANY, THREE'S A CROWD.

David's heart beat! Then they
hadn't seen the dog turn into the lane!

But his joy did not last very long.
Another lane to which they would
soon come, led to another part of the
same vacant lot.

"I'll get there first," cried David,
and he did.

He reached it just as the dog had
stopped, trembling, as he heard the
sound of his pursuers from afar.
David bent over him. Alas! Doggie
thought, I'm afraid, that all boys
were alike! He made a feeble effort to
escape from his rescuer, and plunged
into a very muddy pool, half dried by
the July sun.

And, as the shouting came nearer,
into that same muddy pool went
David, clean white blouse and all!

But he caught doggie firmly, and
started back home, carrying him. By
this time doggie's instinct had told him
that he was with a friend. He made
grateful little dashes at David's cheek
with a trembling tongue!

Just as David entered his own back
door, his mother looked out of the
kitchen window.

"Why, David!" was all she could
say. He certainly was a sight!

Some one had come from the lane
into the garden. He came from the
right, and he was a big boy of sixteen.
His face was flushed, and his eyes were
bright and angry.

David faced him bravely, but felt
the need of help. Grasping doggie
more firmly, he called, "Mother!"

Mother came out very quickly at

that. She put her hand on David's
shoulder.

"I got to the lane first," said David
to the big boy. "And you won't
have him!"

The big boy's face cleared suddenly.
All the anger went out of it.

"So you saved Trixie," he said, with
a smile. "I was chasing the boys who
were chasing him. He's my sister's
dog."

"Put him down, dear," said mother.
David obeyed, and the dog ran to the
stranger.

"There," she went on, "he wants to
go."

"That's all right," said David, but
he felt a little sad. "He can go where
he wants to."

"I'm ever so much obliged to you,"
said the big boy, offering his hand to
David. "You've saved his life."

"But you can't go to the party,
I'm afraid," cried the mother, look-
ing at her boy, whose muddy blouse
was shown off, as he no longer held
the dog. "That was your Sunday
suit."

"Were you coming to Johnny's
party?" asked the big boy, eagerly.
"I'm his brother. Why, your clothes
don't matter!"

So David changed back to a clean
week-day blouse, and went off with
Johnny's brother. And, when they
heard how he had saved Trixie from
the bad boys, what a welcome he got,
to be sure!

And Trixie was his firm friend from
that day on!

THE BEACON.

ISSUED WEEKLY FROM THE FIRST SUNDAY OF OCTOBER
TO THE FIRST SUNDAY OF JUNE, INCLUSIVE.

PUBLISHED BY THE
AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION
DEPARTMENT OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

BOSTON: 25 Beacon Street.
NEW YORK: 104 E. 20th Street.
CHICAGO: 105 S. Dearborn Street.
SAN FRANCISCO: 376 Sutter Street.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: Single subscriptions, 50 cents.
In packages to schools, 40 cents.

Entered at the Boston Post-office as second-class mail
matter.

GEO. H. ELLIS CO., PRINTERS, BOSTON

From the Editor to You.

A LITTLE incident was recently told to the editor which pleases her very much. The Sunday school at West Roxbury, Mass., from which we acknowledge to-day a contribution to the Beacon Scholarship Fund, had a sum of money which had been received from birthday offerings. The school was voting how the money should be spent. One part of it went to purchase the complete set of Theodore Parker's works for the school library. Another part was given for a local children's hospital. Then one of the girls proposed that the rest of the money should go toward a Beacon scholarship. She had just read the story in *The Beacon*, named "When One Girl tried," and it made her interested in our work in India, and she wanted to do something for it.

Our paper has well served its purpose when it stirs one heart to take hold of our large work in some helpful way. We shall publish other stories, which will both show what may be done and help awaken the desire to do whatever we can in the various lines of service our church offers. Some boy or girl in far-off Calcutta will have a better education because in one of our own Sunday schools "one girl tried," and then all the rest were glad to help in the way she suggested.

Beacon Scholarships.

Previously acknowledged \$149.27
From Sunday school of the First
Parish Church, West Rox-
bury, Mass. 11.66
Total \$160.93

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA X.

I am composed of 50 letters and am a quotation
from Isaac Watts.

My 10, 1, 8, 9, 24, are worn on the feet.
My 7, 5, 6, 2, is found in a calendar.
My 4, 15, 17, 18, is to stop short.
My 12, 11, 3, 13, is a kind of money.
My 37, 23, 34, 27, 38, is a lazy person.
My 29, 42, 43, 31, 32, are small bodies of water.
My 21, 36, 45, 48, is a folded hand.
My 41, 50, 49, is to cut grass.
My 20, 16, 14, 25, is a bunch of grass.
My 38, 30, 47, 4, 44, 23, is a conjunction.
My 33, 46, 28, 13, is a movement of the ocean.
My 39, 40, is a pronoun.
My 23, 19, 22, 27, is falling water.
My 35, 26, is an exclamation.
My 32, 18, 34, 49, is to pack away.

The Pilgrim Visitor.

THE BEACON CLUB CORNER

[Letters for this department should be addressed
to Editor of *The Beacon*, 25 Beacon Street, Boston,
Mass.]

THE first number of our paper has not reached our readers when copy for this number goes to press. So only one of our readers has been reminded to write a letter for our Club Corner. May we hear from a large number of our children and young people this year? Tell us something about your church or Sunday school, or about some club or class to which you belong which is helping some one else. Beacon Club buttons will be sent to all who write for the Club, or who send puzzles for the *Recreation Corner*. It is necessary to secure the button if you desire to enter the lists for the award offered for accepted contributions to our *Young Contributors' Department*.

The same splendid sense of loyalty which

Young Contributors' Department.

THREE contributions have been accepted and published on the first topics assigned. For the Thanksgiving group, which the Editor hoped would prove an especially attractive subject, only one contribution (verse) was sent. May we expect a large number of manuscripts and groups of puzzles on the topics named below?

CONDITIONS.

The writer must be under eighteen years of age, and must have already secured a Beacon Club button by writing a letter for the Beacon Club Corner of our paper, or by sending a puzzle to the *Recreation Column*. Contributions must be written in ink, on one side only of the sheet. Name, full address, and age of the writer must be placed at the upper corner of the first page of manuscript: when the contribution is prose, the number of words should also be stated. Under this the endorsement, "Original contribution, age correct," must be signed by parent, guardian, or teacher. Manuscripts should be folded and sent flat in stout envelopes. No contribution will be returned to sender unless an addressed and stamped envelope of proper size to contain it is enclosed. Any desired title for story, essay, or verse may be chosen, so long as the theme suggested is the one used; and a clever or striking title will count in the choice made for publication.

ENIGMA XI.

I am composed of 12 letters.
My 1, 7, 5, 12, is a planet.
My 3, 10, 6, is a cave in the earth.
My 8, 9, 2, 5, 11, is a rose's protection.
My 4, 8, 9, 10, 5, is an anesthetic.
My whole is a name often given to Boston.
GLADYS E. JEWETT.

A CHARADE.

My first is bent for plea or praise;
In labor, bent in other ways.
My second carries me along
Across the sea, with stress or song.
My whole, an emperor, long ago
By fire caused a city's woe.

Youth's Companion.

CONCEALED AQUARIUM.

1. Their party must urge on the measure.
2. They sang an appropriate psalm on the occasion.
3. You should write to Mack ere long.
4. The berry picker elbowed his way through the crowd.
5. You must rout out all the voters.
6. Call a cab as soon as possible.
7. Norris, Hark! Hear the band play.
8. The last crop I kept for myself.
9. I saw Dolph in Mr. Brown's store.
10. Mary, give Mrs. Abro a chair.

Normal Instructor.

was shown by the boys of the Rutherford (N.J.) Unitarian baseball team, as mentioned in the Sunday-school News items, is shown by the writer of the following letter, who wishes to see his church represented in our Club:

FAIRHAVEN, MASS., Oct. 6, 1913.

Dear Miss Buck,—I get *The Beacon* every Sunday and enjoy it very much. I go to the Unitarian Church, Fairhaven, Mass. I am eleven years old. There are nine of us in our class. My teacher's name is Miss Libby. I am writing, as I never found anything in *The Beacon* from the Fairhaven church.

I remain your friend,

RALPH PENNINGTON.

We are also glad to welcome as members of our Club the Misses Beatrice and Rebecca F. Holliday, of Boston, and Ronald H. Shaw, of Wollaston, Mass., all of whom have sent contributions to the *Recreation Corner*.

One contribution only in each group may be sent by any one member, not one of each kind.

The Editor reserves the right to reject all contributions on any given subject if none of sufficient merit to warrant publication is submitted.

Address Young Contributors' Department,

THE BEACON,
25 Beacon Street,
Boston, Mass.

SUBJECTS.

[Prose offered must not exceed three hundred words; verse, not more than twenty lines. Puzzles must be original with the sender, with no two in of the same kind, and must be accompanied by answers and endorsement.]

Group IV. Must be received on or before Dec. 1, 1913.

1. Story or Essay: "One of my Pets."
2. Verse: "When Fields are White."
3. Three puzzles.

Group V. Must be received before Jan. 1, 1914.

1. Story or Essay: "Good Sport"
2. Verse: "A Valentine."
3. Three puzzles.

All contributions accepted and published will be paid for at one-half our usual space rates.

Names of contributors whose work deserves commendation, but cannot be accepted for publication, will be printed on an Honor List.

INITIAL LETTER PUZZLE.

In the nine sentences below appear as many words (one word in each sentence) the initials of which when found and written one below the other will spell the name of a President of the United States.

1. Their joy was soon turned to sorrow.
2. The oars were lost last winter.
3. The heat was intense.
4. The children made a great noise.
5. The art exhibition was very good.
6. The dog was mad.
7. The boys are going away for a few days.
8. The mill had to close on account of the shortage of water.
9. The hole was small, but it caused great damage.

HENRY A. JENKS.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 3.

ENIGMA V.—Beatrice of Denewood.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.—North, South, East, West.

ENIGMA VI.—The letters of the alphabet.

ENIGMA VII.—Mediterranean.

A DIAMOND.—
S
PIE
SIEVE
EVE
E